



MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART
MARCH 23, 1972/VOL. 2, NO. 4



the stage is barren

Who were the two Mass. Art teachers who were too cheap to pay the full admission price (\$1.50) to see "Hooch," and walked past the ticket-girl after paying only the student price (.50)? The student price was for students, not children.

Who was the M.C.A. administrator who thought that the \$425 allotted by the Mass. College of Art was too much for one production? Would that administrator be surprised to learn that most of the show was funded out of the pocket of someone in it, along with more funds from others in it, making the total cost for "one production" well in excess of \$1000?

Who plays god of the aud? Who claims to have personal, private possession of items purchased by the state for the use of anyone in the college? Why is this person no longer at M.I.T.?

For answers to these questions and other fascinating thoughts, ask around.

Anonymous



a grimm synopsis

BOB GOULD/editor
WAYNE WAARAMAA/art director

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THE NEXT DEADLINE FOR NEWSPAPER COPY IS TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1972. ALL SUBMISSIONS MUST BE TYPED.



The Table, the Ass, and the Stick*

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons whom he sent away because of the tricks and wiles of his goat who convinced him his sons were lazy liars.

After they left he found out the goat was the liar but anyway . . .

His first son acquired a table that became covered when he ordered it, "Table, be covered!" and his second son acquired an ass that spewed forth gold when he said, "Bricklebit!" and his third son acquired a stick that jumped out of a bag and beat anyone when he ordered it with "Out, of the sack, stick!" And so they were chronologically/ripped-off and embarrassed their father who was the one shown up when he only told his friends what he thought his sons had and they had it no more. (The innkeeper stole them.)

But the third son got the table and ass back with his special stick and the father and sons and village got rich and fat.

Respectfully submitted,
John Jacob Jingleheimer Smith

with yer pale body
in this
pastel room
seems like malnutrition
indecision
to me
the subtleness
of yer soul
lamenting to be free
and then
sometimes
i see me beside you
watching yer waters rise
and wonder
what this saturated rawness
could mean.

B.L. Doliber

in a stoned man
thing
with a touch
this body function
nerve ending
responding
the dilated surface
blood vessels
of yohimbine
the total experience
of
you touching me
my back
and
i had only been stealin'
a night's rest

look ahead
and
when you atart to return go

B.L. Doliber



A detailed Army blueprint for civilian surveillance, inserted into the Congressional Record last week by U.S. Rep. Michael J. Harrington (D-Mass) demonstrates how the military has engaged in “illegal and reckless surveillance which endangers the freedoms of us all.”

The classified document was made public for the first time last week included a list of organizations the Army considered subversive *plus* instructions on their surveillance.

This information collection plan, Harrington said, “issued by the Army Intelligence Command is a blueprint for systematic clandestine monitoring of lawful democratic political activity by agents of our armed forces.”

Included in the Army’s list of organizations were the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) and the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE).

“The NAACP, SANE and the ADA are three organizations dedicated to the creation of a better America,” Harrington

said. “They have long demonstrated a commitment to democracy that other organizations — in and out of government — would do well to emulate.”

Speaking of the Army documents, Harrington said: “It is a check-list for surveillance which betrays a fundamental misunderstanding of the role of government in a democracy; it is a document prepared by individuals who seem to regard political activity by American citizens as a danger to be monitored.”

The Army says that its civilian surveillance has been stopped, but, Harrington said, he had so little confidence in the mentality of those who could promulgate

such a document that he could not be certain the policy had indeed been rescinded.

He added that if the policy had been stopped, it was only through the efforts of the media and several members of Congress who applied pressure on the executive branch.

“The documents, combined with recent reports from Sen. Samuel Ervin’s subcommittee on Privacy that the Army spied on several senators, congressmen and governors make a frightening picture of the degree to which our freedoms have been eroded,” Harrington said.

atlantia

(the new children)
Six Songs

by Bob Gould

III.
Pioneer 10
Launched 8:49, March 2, 1972
... on twenty-one month journey to Jupiter and beyond

“See how they prepare. The furnaces are agin kindled, the fires stoked fresh. Once more the moment of despair, when all feel the chilled wash of loneliness touch their cheek and all are humbled, even for the slightest instant, by the sightless eyes of the stars, enwrapped in infinite majesty, ever watching, ever changing; when this seed of mystery is firmly rooted, they turn again to their machines. The final answer. Serenely mute they wait, to be summoned as in many decades past, a loyal ally, to challenge whatever in their path and to affirm the power of the possessor.”

“When this touch of fear is felt, when for one moment the query glimmers, “Perhaps... perhaps we are not alone,” then man readies his machine, his eternal conquerors, to pierce the heavens, split wide the celestials, heralding himself as princely heir.”

... on a six hundred and twenty million mile journey at thirty-one thousand, four hundred and thirteen miles per hour.

“But they truly believe it is their right. All the struggles, the deaths, the shattered hopes, and still man lingers. Do they not hold a place in the Genesis?”

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Willie and Sam: “HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW!”
Sam: “Why did the chicken cross the — — —”

Enough — on and on the dialogue went and, try as I might, I never once succeeded in furnishing the proper answer to any of Sam’s questions. Now, this puzzled me a great deal, for although I know that I am not the most clever of individuals, also do I know that neither am I the least. I have finally come to the conclusion that it is simply a case of my lesser intelligence not being able to grasp the workings of a mind so laden with profundity of thought as Sam’s. He is truly a remarkable fellow, and one for whom I hold the greatest admiration.

.....

Several other things have taken place which are worthy of some note, the first of these being my encountering what is known as a “seegar”. Willie produced a small packet containing several and, jamming one between my teeth, struck something called a “match” with his fingernail and set one end aflame. I puffed rather gingerly on the other end, as Sam advised, and my mouth promptly filled with a

“True, it is to be. But now man has reached beyond his limits set his sights on a horizon he cannot see.”
“Now they search for the secret.”
“It is to be, but not now... not now.”

... the satellite carried a gold plaque containing information pertaining to when, where, and by whom it was launched.

.....

“Man, once again you have trained your silent servants on a self sanctified purpose. The mental minds ring and throb with the rhythm of their workings. You bathe in the power, knowing that under your hand they were created, and under your hand they obey. Now, in your futile desolation, you have posed the final question: to compute the Core!”

... spending six months in the Asteroid Belt, surveying mass and type.

“You have touched it, tyro, but it will not be yours to hold. Your machines cannot calculate the infinite, presume to draw into man-order the vast galaxies and all to be found there. The answer lies not in machines, heartless deduction and sterile logic, but in something much, much closer to the center of your being. Until you can accept the fact that the change, the discovery which will occur will be something totally unpredictable, totally alien to your sciences and reasoning, you will fail.”

... reaching the planet Jupiter on December 7, 1973 — to survey and photograph the planet and the surrounding atmosphere.

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gaseous, bitter-tasting substance apparently capable of assuming any form, but incapable of holding any. I chanced another puff and the “seegar” thing responded by exploding in my face. Sam immediately began screaming “HAW HAW HAW!” again, but Willie assured me that it was alright and that I had simply gotten one of inferior quality as, he says, sometimes happens.

He gave me another and took one for himself, urging me to observe and to duplicate his actions. He sniffed his and licked it. I did the same with mine. So far, so good. He then bit into one end of his and apparently must have spit out the bitten-off portion. Still a bit dazed from my adventure with the inferior article, I did not see him do so, and did not myself — I swallowed it. Not entirely pleased with the taste, but wishing not to curry my friend’s disfavor, I bit off another piece and swallowed that as well. In my haste to do right, I ate some seven or eight “seegars” before I noticed the funny looks my companions were casting in my direction. They said nothing, however, so I assume all is well.

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“If you are to ride the Hot-Under, the death grip with which you hold your planet must be loosened. A whimpering child, half choked by fear, awed full by the new, clings close to the hand of its mother as they venture into darkness. So are your excursions, always tied by sight or sound to your mother globe, trusting not your companions and working always in the shadow of safety.”

... after completing tasks at Jupiter, Pioneer 10 will move outward, to wander eternally in distant galaxies.

“Abandon yourself to the essence of the venture! Beyond it waits, and longs for your company; rest in the silence, travel in the whispers, you will be transformed, molded by the chaste. There is nothing to fear, in your innocence it is impossible to conceive all which surrounds you, so how can you stand coiled in hesitation? Long for the time when in looking ’round you cannot see your home, for then you will see yourself as never before; untainted by the shackles of your world, resplendent in your dazzling beauty, for such, indeed, you are!”

... For five to six years after passing Jupiter the vehicle will continue to transmit data to earth.

“You will continue your search, still probing, pursuing incessantly, for you do hold the secret of Travel. It will burn within until the day of its freedom; it was this flame which has driven you to your present efforts and to those grappled by your race in the future.”

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... After ten to twelve years in flight, it will have surpassed the distance of the farthest probe formerly launched.

“A final warning: look not far; for the secret lies not in what you seek to affirm, for in truth you wish only to declare your own speculations, but that which, in the purest sense you discover.”

“Print out! Print out!”
NEGATIVE.
“Re-evaluate Pulsar Factor data!”
NEGATIVE.
“Please stop, it is useless.”
“Print out Pulsar Factor evaluation!”
NEGATIVE.
SYSTEM CONSTRICTION INITIATED.
“Print out! Print out!”
“Please stop, please.”
SYSTEM CONSTRICTION FINAL.
“Print out... please, no... oh God!”
“Man, your machine is gone.”

Still early in the mission, less than one half of the way from the proposed target, the functions of Pioneer 10 have terminated.

No cause or reason for the shut-down has been found.

NOTE: All space vehicular events have or will take place at the times and dates indicated.
..... copyright proceedings begun
March 14, 1972

the diaries of god

Translated from the original Ethereal
by Eric Liberty Kimball
and edited by Young Thomas Canty

IV

Dear Diary,

Where once I sought to fathom the soft mysteries of eternity, where once I strove to sound the great depths of infinity, where once I labored to unravel and to understand the enigmas of being and of being not, I find now my thought directed towards two questions, which, though trivial and of little consequence they may at first appear, in every way rival the greatest of paradoxes, and which, of any and all questions ever posed, may well prove to be the only ones unrealizable. Eons it seems I have spent pondering these questions, veritable eons during which, though turn them over again and again might I try, though to voice and revoice them might I endeavour, though to examine and reflect upon them from every conceivable angle might I essay, no answer, nay, not even a shadow of an answer was forthcoming.

The mind reels, the spirit quakes, when faced with these insurmountable questions. One may summon and direct all of the energies of one’s command toward their answerings. One may devote the entirety of one’s temporal existence towards their answerings. It is all in vain — they cannot be answered. In knowledge may one take root and grow. With wisdom, perhaps, may one be blessed. Knowledge! Wisdom! They are as nothing when pitted against these vast and awe-some questions.

And what questions are these, might you ask, so vast, so awesome, so unanswerable? What questions, indeed. They are questions of which I am not the author — questions put to me by my very good friend, gifted thinker, and, as overwhelming evidence now compels me to believe, fellow of no small genius, Sam.

Forever shall these products of his towering intellect stand as monuments in the history of thought! Though little do I understand of them, readily do I realize that, by their very unanswerability, they must surely exist as the ultimate of paradoxes, the apogee of intellectual quest. Where once I was content to contemplate my own “what is it that I

am part of and what is it that I am?”, I now find myself in awe and almost utter incredulity of Sam’s magnificent “why does the fireman wear red suspenders?” and his equally astonishing “why did the chicken cross the road?”

Trivial, you might say. Hardly of any consequence, you might mutter. And yet it is these two mutterings that have forced me to revise any opinions I had previously held about Sam’s worth, and to acknowledhe him as the immortal genius that he is. But — allow me to elaborate more fully.

We were, as we had been for some time, busily engaged in a game of “cards”, our activity punctuated only by rather frequent downings of containerfuls of that “tequila” substance. Willie was busily relating something known as a “joke” in which were involved something called a “traveling salesman” and another something called a “farmer’s daughter”.

Upon concluding the recital of his “joke”, Willie burst into loud gaffaws, as did Sam. I stared at them for a few moments, then professed aloud my ignorance of the objects of their amusement. They both immediately stopped laughing and stared back at me. Then they broke into laughter once more, ceasing rather a long time later and with

what appeared to be only the greatest of efforts. Sam then winked at Willie and struck up a dialogue with me that went something like this:

Sam: “Why did the chicken cross the road?”
Myself: “I do not know.”
Sam: “To get to the other side!”
Willie and Sam: HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW!
Sam: Why does the fireman wear red suspenders?”
Myself: “I have not the slightest idea.”
Sam: “To hold his pants up!”
Willie and Sam: “HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW!”
Sam: “Why did the chicken cross the road?”
Myself: “To get to the other side?”
Sam: “No! To hold his pants up!”
Willie and Sam: “HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW!”
Sam: Why does the fireman wear red suspenders?”
Myself: “To get to the other side?”
Sam: “No! To hold his pants up!”
Willie and Sam: “HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW!”
Willie: “Sam, yer a card! A gawddam card!”

He tossed the sphere around a bit, then brushed the remaining dust off with his hand. I couldn’t help but notice that the dust particles were screaming tiny screams.

That’s about it for now. Willie and Sam have gone off to sleep, leaving me holding the sphere. I’ll write more later.

To get to the other side,
GOD

Copyright Proceedings Begun
March 13, 1972



"Sunrise Flowers," three joyful sunflowers, each one nearly twenty-five feet in diameter, rising over rolling green hills and suspended in a clear blue sky are strongly presented in quaint Roslindale Square. These sunflowers cultivated by Boston Artist, James Higgins, are of course a painting, 60 feet long and 26 feet high rising 40 feet above the square. Higgins was commissioned by Summerthing in July of this year and took the better part of August, September and October for James and his two assistants, Ed Ledwak and Jim Hays, to paint the Giant Mural. The building upon which it exists is a power station for the MBTA and was an eye sore in the square but general opinion now has it that the mural brightens up the whole neighborhood!

When the artist was asked why he painted the mural his main reason was, "Just to paint something that would be a pleasant experience to look at, that is enough reason for any painting."

Although the three painters time spent in Roslindale was anything but pleasant because of the harassment from passerbys who could not see any point in art or confused it with politics or were generally just afraid of the unknown. One grown Business man stood on the side walk cattycorner across the street and yelled obscenities for half an hour, the painters kept painting, another man who every time he came to the sqaure ran through the traffic yelling, "It stinks, it stinks" while pointing at the mural with one hand and the other firmly ahold of his nose! Another man was frightened that Atkins would be the next mayor of Boston, and others felt there was a special section of Boston for "bright colors." In the vandalism area one morning Higgins found printed in big black spray paint

letters 30 feet above the ground "Flash & Eddy"! Rumors of the city spending from \$10,000 to \$37,000 were rampant among the shopkeepers but the fact is its cost was \$750, which was allotted through private donations, and another \$100 came from Higgins pocket. There were many folks, however, that gave Higgins a great deal of help and moral support. Mr. Donut helped out with donuts and coffee, Syl's restaurant with good food, Centre Hardware with good hardware and of course the little City Hall with talking and rest room facilities, without these the mural could never have been completed. The artist sends his thanks! A special appreciation to a lady who on the last day Higgins was painting his mural made a special stop to tell him "Thank you" for the joy she received from his art work!

James Higgins, 26, Aires, and a native of Southeast Florida, is an education-painting major where he is studying, at the Massachusetts College of Art. He believes visual art should be more than what it visually is. "It exists for itself and whatever the viewer can get from it" he says and goes on, "art is so vast and full yet so pure there is no room for political or philosophic or culturally revolutionary ideas."

The design, aside from being recognizable subject matter is individual bimorphic shapes and broad areas of color. Each shape with its own characteristics giving it a unique personality of its own. All of the shapes in the composition become members of a coherent family upon a two dimensional surface which ties the composition together. The colors define the shapes and contain the composition in the area. Secondly, between colors of near equal intensity the retina of the eye

receives too much information at the points where the colors meet and the result is "retinal fatigue" or what appears to be a shimmering between the colors. In other words, each color tends to vibrate next to its adjoining color-shape area.

The mural is the biggest thing Higgins has ever been involved with, so as the work progressed, means had to invented and improvised. The greatest problem was, however, in the beginning with some trouble over the selection of the proper scaffolding. But that out of the way work progressed without much mechanical hitch. The design was transferred from a 3/4 inch grid on the drawing per yard square on the wall. This worked out well but drawing the squares on the wall was something of a problem as presented by certain characteristics of the particular wall. In painting the picture the painters used 2 coats of wall primer, 3 coats of acrylic colors and 2 coats of polyurethane, so as far as craftsmanship is concerned it should be super and even indestructible!

At the bottom right hand corner of the mural are written the words from one of Mike Heron's songs "May the long time sun shine upon you, All love surround you and the pure light within you guide you all the way on." and it's dedicated to the folks of Roslindale and that is the spirit in which it was painted, just to be nice.